THE MARROW OF Gospel-History: OR, A Diversion for Youth at their spare Hours.

Being a POEM on the *Birth*, *Life*, *Death*, and *Resurrection* of our most blessed Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*.

With some Thoughts on the Apostate Angels, and fallen Man: The former under an irrecoverable Estate, having no Object of Faith for Salvation: And the latter restored by the Death of Christ.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A Poem on the *Birth, Life, Death*, and *Resurrection* of our most blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

CHAP. I.

The Argument.

Theophilus *the Lover of God, begins in making mention of the unsearchable Attributes and Perfections of* Jehovah, *and how he is encompassed on his glorious Throne by the Holy Hierarchy and Order of Angels, Seraphims, Cherubims, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers, Archangels, who are Eternally casting their Crowns at the Feet of the Incomprehensible Trinity, with* Hallelujahs.

JEHOVAH right, is Infinite,
And in eternal Bliss:
The most Supream therefore doth reign,
O Kings give him a Kiss. *Psal.* 2. 12.

Who is Immenſe, and full of Senſe,
An independent Good;
Yea, only Wiſe: do not deſpiſe
The Everliving God.
In all his Will immutable,
For Changes he knows none:
How can that be, when perfect's he,
Three Perſons yet but One?

Pure Angels fall, and honour all
The Glorious Trinity,
With Crowns down caſt, their Praiſes laſt
Unto Eternity.
The Seraphims, and Cherubims,
Thrones, Principalities;
Dominions too, Archangels true,
Their God for ever praiſe.

CHAP. II.

The ARGUMENT.

Here interpoſeth an holy Evangeliſt, who gives an Account of the horrible Revolt of ſom of the Angels from Jehovah *their ſupreat Lord: And that one of them, now calle* Beelzebub, *headed Thouſands, with Deſign to overthrow God's Monarchy.*

Bu

BUT one thro Pride, became a Head
To thousands, who resolv'd
God's Monarchy for to destroy,
Rather than be controul'd.
They War maintain, in Heaven's Plain,
So they might equal be,
In Honour, Praise, and length of Days,
Unto the Trinity.

God pleads his Rights, and them despites,
So hurls them into Hell,
To the Abyss, Pit bottomless,
Where they shall ever yell.
Then Satan proud, he spake aloud,
What tho the Field be lost?
All is not gone, my Heart's not won,
To love *Jehovah* most.

This I can boast, all is not lost,
My Will's unconq'rable;
Resolv'd I be still to be free,
Tho I remain a Devil.
'Twere shame for me to bow the Knee,
And God adore and love:
A Prince in Hell, doth far excel
Subjection, tho above. [Mr. *Milton.*

A Chaos great, and Abyss deep,
God casts those Rebels in;
A burning Lake is their sad Fate,
And Flames all surrounding.

CHAP. III.

The ARGUMENT.

Jehovah *himself gives a Relation of his framing the Heavens and Earth; and how he created another Creature called* Man, *to serve him better than the fallen Angels; and having very glorious Qualifications, is made Lord of the New World.*

THE Earth and Man, I God did frame,
And made him Lord of all,
In Righteousness and Holiness,
With an immortal Soul.
This Man most wise, in Paradise,
I fixt with great delight;
Whose Will was free, at liberty,
To be unjust or right.

That Man alone might not lie down,
A Help-meet him I gave;
And from his Bone, and Flesh alone,
The Woman came most brave.
And for a time, how did they shine,
In this delightful Place;
In this new Land, how Hand in Hand,
They walk'd with God in Grace.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Satan having discovered the New World, and Man reigning as King in it, the Devil envies his Paradisical State; and in order to make him miserable like himself, he tempts him to throw off the Government of his Lord and Maker: All which the good Angel which guarded Paradise, could not be ignorant of.

SATAN did tell the Peers of Hell,
An Antient Prophecy
In Heaven was, A World should rise
From nothing very high.
In which New Land, I understand,
A Creature beautiful;
Not much below our selves, I know,
Will reign as I in Hell.

Come noble Peers, some Course let's steer,
This Land for to discover;
And then allure this Creature pure,
To act as our own Brother.
God on his Throne, with his blest Son,
Saw Satan swiftly fly,
Unto the Man in this new Land,
To bring to misery.

The Angels good, they underſtood,
While guarding this new Creature;
The fallen One diſcovered Man,
With a moſt bleſſed Feature.
An evil one, they ſaw fly down,
To *Adam* in diſguiſe.
So walkt their Rounds, the Garden-Bounds,
If him they might ſurprize.

In Paradiſe, he tempts with Lies,
That Man his Bliſs might loſe;
As he loſt God, all Hope and Good,
Which made him thus confus'd.
Satan did fix the weakeſt Sex,
With *Eve* did thus begin;
To eat's, no Death, the Serpent ſaith,
It's natural, no Sin.

The Serpent ſpeaks ſo fine and neat,
Which made the Woman ſay,
How came you thus, to ſpeak to us,
By taſting yonder Tree?
Come eat good Food, and know as God,
Don't live in Ignorance;
In Envy he forbiddeth thee
This Tree; come eat but once.

And ſo at laſt, through ſinful Luſt,
They both were overcome;
Their Fruit dear coſt, God's Image loſt,
And ſo the World's undone.

For

For Man his Maker, his Creator,
In Paradise enjoyed:
Till he did sin against his King,
Nothing the Man annoy'd.

Till he did break, and violate
The Law of his Supream;
His Happiness was perfect Bliss,
He as a King did reign:
But on the Fall he came in thrall,
And was cast from his height;
The flaming Sword it brandished,
To keep the Tree of Life.

When *Adam*'s Eyes apologiz'd,
No Boon was to be had;
No Penance then could help the Man,
To make him once more glad.
And must I go, from *Eden* so,
As not to return more,
From this sweet Place, and God of Grace?
O this is very sore.

O might I stay, I would obey,
And never more offend:
Who'd intercede, and for me beg,
Eden my Days may end?
Those fragrant Smells, which far excel
The Scents of *Lebanon*;

And Odours free, on every Tree,
I'll offer God alone. [Mr. *Norris.*

I'll take my Rounds, in *Eden*'s Bounds,
Before I do depart:
Now farewel all, my Joys do fail,
By a deceived Heart.
A publick Head, ſo *Adam* ſtood,
As Chriſt is of his Spouſe;
And what he did, as our chief Head,
We did it gain or loſe.

None would refuſe, but *Adam* chuſe
Them for to repreſent:
O none ſo fit, nor none ſo meet,
Whatever the Event.
Therefore let none on God lay blame,
That we in *Adam* fell:
Had any his Choice, it had been thus,
Pure Reaſon doth us tell.

CHAP. V.

The ARGUMENT.

Adam *apologizing for himſelf, lays the Cauſe of his Apoſtacy on his Sovereign Lord and the Woman, the Woman on the Serpent; a Curſe deſcends on them all. Now Man being undone by the abuſe of his Free-Will, hath*

hath no hopes of any Restoration, unless the uncreated Being shew Man more favour than the fallen Angels.

THIS Woman see, thou gavest me,
Tempted, and I did eat.
O, blame not God, Free-will abus'd,
Was it thy Soul did cheat.
The Woman vain, she lays the blame,
Upon the Serpent's Guile.
Who to her said, Like unto God
You shall be in a while.

From sinful Lust, Judgment doth haste,
On Man and Woman too.
'Tis they must die, that lov'd a Lie
Above a God most true.
The Ground once blest, with Thorns is curst,
The Woman bears in sorrow.
And Man must sweat, if Bread he'll eat:
The Serpent trails the Furrow.

Thus happy Man, he is undone,
Himself he can't restore.
O Man's sad Fate, the Devil's State
He's in for evermore,
Unless some State, that's uncreate,
More pity shew to Man,
Than Angels have, whom God won't save,
That from their Maker ran.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Jehovah *seeing his Creature Man undone in the New World, begins to be concerned how he may be reſtored, and not for ever loſt as the revolted Angels. He makes a Propoſition to the heavenly Hoſts to this End; but all ſtood mute, until the Son of God broke ſilence, with the offer of himſelf to be Man's Redeemer: Upon which the heavenly Hoſt gave a Shout, with Hallelujah's.*

SHALL Man be loſt, by Devil's Luſt,
And ne'r recover'd more?
Shall Devils boaſt of their Conqueſt,
And triumph in their Power?
Come heavenly Hoſt, can none ſuggeſt
Where ſuch Love can be found?
You Spirits all, who'l be mortal,
That Juſtice may not wound?

The Man to Death, I made of Earth,
But may for ever live?
Who'l pity take on his ſad State,
For Man himſelf will give?
Now all ſtood mute, and ſilent to't,
A Pauſe in Heaven's made;

Till

Till one did break the Silence great,
And there it was replied

By God's own Son; What! is there none
That will Compassion show?
I looked when some Seraphim
Would pity Man below.
I God's dear Son, will Man become,
A Man of Sorrow's Death:
This glorious Throne I'll leave anon,
And descend to the Earth,

For to restore this Man so poor,
Unto a better State;
And make him wise, a Paradise
He shan't lose as of late.
Then Heaven rang, the Angels sang,
That splendid Host above;
Who saw such Grace, in God's Son's Face,
And shewed Man such Love.

And God did see, his own Decree
From Love to Man he made,
Even from high Eternity,
Which runs not retrograde.
He gave his Son for sinful Man,
That in his stead might die;
And set his Face in our Law-Place,
Us to indempnify.

The Angels ſhape he doth not take,
Nor them redeem to live:
Yet let none ſpeak, thus God is weak,
Or Grace diminutive.
I thee do tell, unſearchable
Is his Beneficence.
Yet know alſo, he'l ſave but who
His Sovereign Will preſents.

CHAP. VII.

The ARGUMENT.

An Apoſtle extraordinary relates how that Jehovah *had a Son, who was to be born of a Virgin. The great End and Scope of it, was the Redemption of a loſt World.*

IF ſome would know, how Man from Wo
Is brought, and ſet in Bliſs.
A Wonder's wrought, cõme ſee God's (Thought
In this Analyſis.
The Spirit above, fell in much Love,
Upon a Virgin ſweet:
To comprehend, or underſtand
This I do not predict.

But yet that King, and holy Thing,
Which was in *Mary*'s Womb,

Was God indeed, of *Abr'am*'s Seed,
True God, and yet true Man.
Who understands, how God and Man,
Should in one Person dwell?
One Person true, yet Natures two,
But one *Immanuel.*

His Godhead Rays had dull'd our Eyes,
But vail'd with humane Flesh.
His Glory's hid, for there's much need
With Man he should converse.
And nothing less, for Man's Trespass,
An angry God can please.
But Righteousness, in humane Dress,
Can his great Wrath appease.

No Diadem, or Hecatomb,
Such large Dimensions hath
Of blessed Good, Christ won by Blood,
For those that tread his Path.

CHAP. VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

A Man of God with an antient Record, signifieth the Time and Coming of the Messiah, *and the long Journey he makes to visit a sinful World: And tho he sat as the Second Person with the Eternal Trine Council*

Council in the Court of Celeſtial Glory, upon making and redeeming the World, yet is graciouſly pleaſed to ſuffer hard Things for thoſe who rebelled againſt his Royal Crown and Dignity.

THE time draws on, the Lord muſt come,
And *Daniel*'s Weeks ſhall end.
It's then ſome will *Meſſiah* kill,
The Sanctuary rend.
And when the Tax, from *Ceſar*'s Acts,
Begins for to commence,
Mary goes then to *Bethlehem*,
From *Nazareth* went thence.

And in a Stable, it's no Fable,
The Virgin did bring forth
The greateſt King ever did reign,
Or will be on the Earth.
This bleſſed King lies in an Inn,
No Princes Court hath he;
But in a Manger, lies in danger,
Expos'd to miſery.

O bleſſed Morn, a King is born,
A Virgin-Maid the Mother:
But his Grandſire is God, admire
This Myſt'ry altogether.
But pray from whence did come this Prince?
From Heaven's Council-Board,

Where

Where he did sit, in Council great,
Before the World was made. [Mr. *Milton.*

Counsels of Love, in Heaven above,
With Father, Son, and Spirit.
Counsels of Peace, how to release,
Man from his sad Demerit.
In this Compact, Eternal Act,
It was concluded on,
That Man should be the Subject free
Of God's Redemption.

In this Contract, and noble Act,
The Price was fixt upon.
Justice demands no Gold or Lands,
But Godlike Blood for Man.
A Covenant of Suretiship
Christ entered into,
That unto Death would give his Life,
And unto God his due.

So he might reign, and be a King
Over redeemed Man,
His Captain Head for him will bleed,
And in his room will stand.
In this Decree they did agree,
That what the Surety did,
God would impute, from Grace's Root,
As if the Debtor paid.

This

This Infant God deſerves thy Ode,
Come join the Angels Quire;
And from the Altar of thy Heart,
Aſcend an hallowed Fire.
To him who left his Royal Court,
And choſe a darkſome Houſe:
This Majeſty lays Glory by,
For to eſpouſe a Curſe.

And tho this Man from *David* ſprang,
He's pure without, within:
And tho is made of *Abraham*'s Seed,
Hath no Orig'nal Sin.
Pow'r Infinite can ſeparate
Between the Virgin's Sin,
And Virgin's Seed, for there is need
Chriſt be a holy Thing.

The Virgin bleſt, lays Chriſt to reſt;
Then round the Courtly Stable
Bright harneſs'd Angels guard the Lord,
While in a Cribbee Cradle.

CHAP. IX.

The ARGUMENT.

A Celeſtial Meſſenger, called an Angel, *is diſpatch'd from the Throne, to inform the Shepherds in the Field of the Nativity of the*

the Messiah. *The heavenly Host do unite in their singing Hallelujah's to the most High for sending his Son to redeem Man. Satan sends a Summons to his Peers to enter into a deep Council, how he may procure Man's second Revolt, knowing, if he can perswade Man to rebel against the second* Adam, *there remains no more Sacrifice for his Sin.*

THE Angels great, much speed do make
To Shepherds keeping Sheep,
And say, Fear not, a Saviour great
Is born, O do not weep.
Rejoice, be glad, come joy in God;
In *David*'s City strong
This Day is born, for Man forlorn,
A Saviour God and Man.

The heavenly Host do join their Force,
And give Encomiums high,
To God above, who in much Love,
Hath sent his Son to die.
Glory to God, the highest Good,
Who sends Peace to the Earth.
Man hath that Bliss, the Devils miss,
An Object for his Faith.

Those damned Ones, none them bemoans,
Who lie in deep despair

Of

Of any Good from that juſt God,
They all revolted are.
From hence in rage, they all engage,
To envy God and Man,
Glory to God; from Man all Good
They'l hinder what they can.

Adam the Firſt *Paradiſe* loſt,
Where once he ſweetly ſang:
But was regain'd by Man's good Friend,
Chriſt the triumphant King.
He Satan fought, and gain'd the Fort,
Yea won the Field and Day.
The Woman's Seed did break the Head,
Of Man's grand Enemy.

Satan in ſpite, he rallies up
His broken Troops diſpers'd.
A Council calls of black Peers all,
That Man may be diſtreſt.
With our grand Shield, we'l gain the Field
The ſecond *Adam* took.
Come loſe no Ground, come be profound,
That Man from God may look.

'Tis our Intent, to circumvent
Both Head and Body too:
If we can part Chriſt and Man's Heart,
That's all we aim to do.

But he forgot, what was *Job*'s Lot,
And how he fail'd therein:
Yet is so mad, to set on God,
Who made him of Nothing.

CHAP. X.

The ARGUMENT.

Some Country Shepherds are giving an Account to the Nation of the Jews, what an Angel had informed them; and of their Journey to Bethlehem, *where they found* Joseph *and* Mary *with the Babe, the Infant-God, lying in a Manger.*

TO *Bethlehem* those Shepherds come,
The Wonderful to see: [*Isa.*9.6.
And found the Lamb, the holy One,
Design'd for *Calvary.*
They told the Jews the Angels News,
Immanuel was come.
Now Admiration fills the Nation,
For this most glorious One.

They found the Babe, the Infant-God,
But in a low Degree:
His God-like Face was full of Grace
To Man in Misery.

CHAP. XI.

The ARGUMENT.

A Man of God gives the Church Information of the Circumcision, and presentation of Christ, with his Mother Mary's *Purification in the Temple. Also how a good old Man named* Simeon, *and a gracious Matron called* Anna, *believed that Child to be him of whom the Prophets spake, should descend from* Abraham *and* David's *Loins; when probably many great Persons who walked in the Temple, looked upon this Infant-God only as the Son of a poor Carpenter.*

AFTER eight Days they Circumcise
Christ, which presag'd much Good,
That came to pass upon the Cross,
Where he shed all his Blood.
The purest Maid, Mother of God,
Above all Women blest,
Was presented, and purified,
In God's Temple of Rest.

Then *Simeon* old, being foretold
Of this great Potentate,
With a sweet look of Faith, him took,
And blest the Lord of State.

And at his Breast, Jesus did rest,
Here's Love in highest Passion.
He dies in peace, and goes to rest,
On sight of God's Salvation.

Tho rich and great the Temple walk'd,
When Christ was Circumcis'd,
To be a King none did know him,
But *Ann* and *Simeon* wise.
None did him greet, who was so great,
But on him meanly look'd;
Some poor Off-spring, far from a King,
A Carpenter's Relique.

But holy *Ann*, when she came in,
And saw the Babe of Grace;
She did proclaim to every one,
He came of *David*'s Race.
O *Israel*, you looked well,
In your *Jerusalem:*
This pretty Babe, in your Arms laid,
Works your Redemption.

'Tis *Shilo* sure, who will allure
All Men by his free Grace.
This is the Root, from *David* shot,
He hath a God-like Face.
The Sage and Wise then heard the Noise,
A Jewish King was born.
They brought sweet Scent from *Orient*,
Gold, Frankincense, and Balm. *Herod*

Herod the Great, now full of Heat,
The bleſt *Meſſiah*'s Foe:
He calls the Scribes, of ſeveral Tribes,
This Monarch down to throw.
The Wiſe and Sage, he them did charge,
If they did find the King,
To ſignify it by and by,
That he might worſhip him.

But his vile Mind had then deſign'd
A Fact moſt Tragical.
O Hypocrite, God will thee ſmite,
Thou Son of *Belial.*
But thoſe wiſe Men, they worſhip him,
And *Herod*'s Laws deſpiſe:
For by a Dream, and Star they came
Unto the only Wiſe.

In *Bethlehem,* the Babes all then,
From two Years old and up,
Were Martyred all, that Chriſt might fall;
This was a bitter Cup.
Now Lamentation fills the Nation,
For this inhumame Act:
All Parents cry, and like to die,
Becauſe their Babes are not.

The Governour began to fear,
That *Ceſar*'s Time was ſhort;
And *Mary*'s Son would ſhortly reign,
Their Government ſubvert.

CHAP. XII.

The ARGUMENT.

A Cherub is dispatcht from the Celestial Canaan, *to inform* Joseph *and* Mary *in a Dream of their going to* Egypt *to avoid the Malice of* Herod, *who sought the Death of the young Child; and upon* Herod's *Death, signifies, God would have them return again to their own Land.*

NOW on a Time an Angel came,
Who *Mary* and *Joseph* tell,
Their Feet must stand on *Egypt* Land,
Until that *Herod* fell,
Who quickly dies: so th' Angel flies
With all celerity
To *Egypt* Land, and gives Command
That *Joseph* go his way:

For they are dead, all gone and fled,
Which sought the young Child's Life;
And by a Dream informed them,
From the true God of Light.

CHAP. XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

A Messenger of the King of Kings, gives Information how this young King of Nazareth *disputed with, and confuted the Doctors of the Law at* 12 *Years old. Of his entring upon his Prophetical Office. He sends* John Baptist *as his Harbinger, authorizeth him to Baptize; and about thirty Years of Age was baptized by him himself, to fulfil all Righteousness; the Ordinance confirmed by the whole Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

WHEN *Mary*'s Son twelve Years had run
The Doctors of the Law
He did dispute, and them confute,
And made them stand in awe.
And now, in fine, sweet Jesus time
Of working doth commence;
A Harbinger for to prepare
His way he sendeth thence.

His Mission is for to baptize,
John Baptist 'tis I mean;
He them immerst who Sins confest,
And true Repentance gain.

For to fulfil the Royal Will,
Christ came to Prophet *John*
To be baptiz'd in any wise,
When thirty Years had run.

Then *John* him took to *Jordan* Brook,
And there did him immerse;
He did him dip, because most meet
To fulfil Righteousness.
This was not done to wash off Sin,
Because *Messiah*'s pure:
To Man he's sent a Precedent,
Let it all Men allure.

The glorious Trine did all combine
To witness to this thing.
The Father, Son, and Spirit, as one,
Did honour his Baptism.

CHAP. XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

One of Christ's Learned Disciples informs the Church, that after Jesus was baptized, he is led into the Wilderness, where the Devil appeared unto him, probably like some Antient Man in poor Habit. The Messiah *discovered he knew him, tho under a disguise, to be the Head of the Apostate*

Angels. Christ not answering his End in making Bread of Stones, is hurried by Satan out of the Wilderness through the Air, who sets him upon a Pinacle of the Temple in Jerusalem, *and from thence carries him to a very high Mountain, where he tempts his Lord to worship him.*

THE Spirit of Bliss i'th' Wilderness
And Desert Christ doth lead,
Among wild Beasts, where are no Feasts;
Full forty Days no Bread.
To God's Son dear there did appear,
In this vast Wilderness,
A gray old Man, with Clothing mean,
As if some Lamb did miss.

To Christ he spake, Sir, What sad Fate
Hath brought you to this Place?
All that come here, do die for Fear
Or Want in a short space.
I speak the more upon this score,
Thou seem'st to be the Man;
That Man most wise, who was baptiz'd
By new baptizing *John*.

And that good Man, baptizing *John*,
Call'd thee the *Son of God*:
Which if thou be, come let me see,
And make of Stones some Bread.

Then spake the King unto the Swain,
Do'st think I know thee not?
Thou art that Head didst thousands lead,
When first thou didst revolt.

Then the arch Fiend, who cannot mend,
Confest he was that Spirit,
Under sad Fate, unfortunate,
Eternal Wrath t'inherit.
Then on a trice he hurries Christ
Out of the Wilderness,
All through the Air, God's Hemisphere,
To put him in distress. [Mr. *Milton.*

A Pinacle of the Temple
He sate his Judg upon,
The Temple in *Jerusalem*,
And said, *Come cast thee down.*
Thou shalt not fall, the Angels all
Procession forth will make,
From Heaven high, the Air and Sky,
Death to anticipate.

Thus *Beelzebub*, Prince of the Club,
King of the damned Crew,
Does tempt God's Son to worship him,
As if it were his due.
Proud *Lucifer*, he did allure
His God to worship him;

These Kingdoms fine shall all be thine,
Bow now before my Throne.

This was his Scope, and his great hope,
Man's Saviour to destroy;
For if the King he made to sin,
No Saviour could he be.
Satan be gone, *Apollyon*,
Worship the Lord thy God,
And do not tempt him God hath sent
To bruise thy subtil Head.

The Lord of Bliss was tempted thus,
That simpathize might he,
And succour those against their Foes,
Who are in misery.
Full forty Days he fasts, in praise
Of Power Infinite,
That from our Head we might have Bread
Of Life, of Strength, of Might.

If he God's Son thus set upon,
To bow and worship him,
Then wonder not at Satan's Plot,
That tempts Man to the same.
He tempted Man for to liken
His God to Creatures vile;
Made very fine in glorious Shine;
And thus did him defile.

A Creature cold they 'dorn with Gold;
Who pompous Worship love.
Religion gay, tempts Men to pray
To Devils as God above.
Full well they'r known to Heathen Men,
By various Names they gave,
Moloc, *Chemos*, and *Ashtaroth*,
Adonis, *Thammus* brave.

He sets his Seat by God's most great,
Satan's Altar by *Jah*'s;
That Men may moan at his black Throne,
And then at them he laughs.

CHAP. XV.

The ARGUMENT.

An Elder and Witness of Christ, informs the Church of the Messiah *entring upon his Prophetical Office, but is opposed by Men of the same Spirit which opposed St.* Paul; *such as* Barjesus, *and* Elimas *the Sorcerer, who irrationally asserted that he wrought Miracles by the Power of the Prince of Devils,* Lucifer: *but by his Divine Reply he put them all to silence.*

CHRIST rich in Grace began to preach,
And Man illuminate;

In *Napthalim* and *Zebulun*,
Commands them to repent:
He makes new Hearts, and Men tranſlates,
From Darkneſs into Light:
So that his Fame, and fragrant Name,
Were ſpread both Day and Night.

But Envy roſe, among the Jews,
Againſt the Prince of Light;
They ſtout and jeer, they domineer
Over his Sovereign Right.
And many ſaid, he friendſhip had
With *Beelzebub* the Great;
And in much ſpite call'd *Nazarite*,
The Carpenter's Relique.

That Pow'r caſt out the Legions ſtout,
They ſay 'tis Satan's all;
And thus in ſpite, they 'ppoſe the Light
Of Spirit, Word, and Soul.
A Kingdom, ſaid our Lord and Head,
Divided cannot ſtand.
Can Satan caſt out Satan? judg:
Come anſwer my Demand.

From ſinful Luſt, the Holy Ghoſt
Againſt it now they ſin;
Which to remit here is not meet,
Nor in the World to come.

If that Men sin against the Son,
And Father of all Light,
He may forgive; but not who live
The Spirit to despite.

Who understand the Lord's good Mind,
And yet in Malice call
The Holy Ghost, and Blood of Christ,
The most unjust of all:
These are the Men, who greatly sin
Against the last Relief.
They can't repent, whose Hearts are bent,
To Envy and Mischief.

CHAP. XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

A Man of God enters with an Antient Record, called the Gospel, *which gives a Relation of Christ's sudden departure from Earth to Heaven. Also of his bloody Sweat in* Gethsemain; *and of his drinking a horrible Cup of Death, in Obedience to his Father, and for the Good of Man. Moreover, how one of his own Family betrayed him into their hands, who belonged to the black Prince of the damned Crew, and came with Swords and Staves to apprehend Christ, whom they bound with Cords,*

and carry him to the Judg as some grand Malefactor.

THE time draws on, Christ must be gone
From Earth to Heaven high.
A Lamb's prepar'd, we might regard
That it did typify.
Pure *Shilo*'s Fate did intimate,
That Lamb for us must die;
Who had no Spot, yet takes his Lot
To bleed at *Calvary*.

The Paschal Lamb's Supper be'ng done,
He blessed Bread did break;
Lest we forget Love Infinite,
He gave Command to eat.
And after supt, he took the Cup,
Which also signified,
Blood must be shed, for there is need
Man's Soul be purified.

And gave Command, that Act should stand
Until he come again,
For every Church to practise much,
To shew his Death and Pain.
Then after Supper he did utter
A Sign of humble Love,
In washing Feet: Come it's most meet
We follow him above.

They ſweetly ſing a bleſſed Hymn,
Before he went to die;
With Heart and Tongue they ſweetly ſung
The Praiſe of God moſt high.
The Lord goes out to *Olive* Mount,
And *Gethſemain* alſo;
Saith he, my Soul is ſorrowful,
My Griefs no Man doth know.

My People wait, I'll invocate
My Father Lord of all,
If I this Cup of Death muſt ſup,
Or paſs this Draught of Gall.
But, Lord, thy Will, not mine fulfil,
I came no leſs to do:
My bloody Sweat, and Sorrow great,
Gives Peace to Greek and Jew.

When he came back, all were aſleep;
What can't you watch one Hour?
Then ſaid the Lord, with one accord,
Watch, pray with all your Power:
Yea every one, no Temptat'on
For you may be too high.
The Fleſh is weak, Satan's a Cheat,
Your Trial's very nigh.

Then uſhers in the moſt Obſcene
Upon the Lord of Bliſs;
Judas that Cheat, betrays in heat
His Maſter with a Kiſs.

With Staves and Sword they take the Lord,
As if a *Barrabas:*
A Guard moſt ſtrong they ſet upon
The Innocent, alas!

Jeſus did call, Whom ſeek you all?
The Man of *Nazareth?*
'Tis I am he, let theſe go free,
Put none of them to death.
By Power Divine ſome were ſtruck down,
When they him apprehend:
'Twas Mercy all they did not fall,
And into Hell deſcend.

Some Sages think, they did not ſhrink
His Skin to penetrate;
When with a Cord they tie the Lord,
His potent Arms about.
Peter by Sword, as well as Word,
For Chriſt apologiz'd:
When *Malchus* Ear he cuts, then fear
Did all his Guard ſurprize.

Then Chriſt the Word, would have the Sword
Put up; and *Malchus* nigh,
To heal his Wound, moſt ſafe and ſound,
Tho his grand Enemy.
Now to *Annas* they make him paſs,
And hurry him away;

And out of hate interrogate
The Lord about his way.

The Lord said then, my Doctrin's known,
'Tis not obscure and hid;
The Temple nigh, where I did pray,
And preach, it open stood.
An Enemy, a stander-by,
Said, Durst thou answer so?
For thy false ways apologize,
The Judg dost thou not know?

This King of Grace they smote his Face,
With sordid Heart and Hand:
But this good Man was like a Lamb,
Tho all against him stand.

CHAP. XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

One of the King of Kings Messengers gives an impartial Relation of the Carriage of the Messiah *before his Judges. How he was adjur'd to confess he was a King. Several false Witnesses swear point-blank against him; and he is sentenced to Death as guilty of Blasphemy, and one that sought the Destruction of the Government, and dethroning* Cesar; *and that by a new Doctrine*

their old Religion was undermined. But before they led him to Execution, they whipt him till his ſacred Blood ran down his Body.

FROM *Annas* Chriſt to *Caiaphas* Prieſt,
And Council they him lead;
An Officer calls one to ſwear,
Tho then there was need:
Yet up ſtarts one againſt the King,
And ſwears that he ſhould ſay,
He could pull down this Temple fine,
And perfect the third Day.

This Lying was for to diſpraiſe
The Lord of Dignity;
Who did not mean the Temple-Stone,
But his own dead Body.
His infinite Power could ſmite
Down all the Gates of Hell,
If they had been Adamantine,
His Strength doth ſo excel.

Jeſus ſtood mute, did not diſpute,
When they did him accuſe;
The Brats of Hell in that Council,
Did greatly him abuſe.
We thee abjure, if thou be pure,
Make no Equivocation.
Art thou a King, and without Sin?
Come, make a Declaration.

I do not lie, no verily,
You propheſied right;
I am your King, and without Sin,
And have Eternal Might.
When you ſhall ſee my Majeſty,
Sit at the Lord's right Hand,
You'l mourn full ſore, and me implore,
When I reign in the Land.

Upon the ſame a Voice forth came,
Says Blaſphemy he ſpake,
Him crucify, for he doth lie,
Lead him without the Gate.
Thoſe Vipers ſpit upon his Lip,
As Men with Miſchief riſe:
They ſcoff and jeer, and without fear,
Do ſtrike the Lord of Life.

Come propheſy, thou Prophet high,
Who ſmote thee on the Cheek:
Canſt thou deſcry Phyſiognomy,
Thou wicked Heretick?
To this we'l add, he was made ſad,
By *Peter*'s flat denial;
Who then and there did curſe and ſwear,
When Chriſt was near his Trial.

But one ſweet Look from Chriſt ſo took,
That *Peter*'s Heart did break,
And bitterly then he did cry,
To ſee his Faith ſo weak.

They

They with him trudg to *Pilate* Judg,
No Accusations want;
They with their Lies and Calumnies,
Over the Lord do vaunt.

Thou Blasphemer and Conjurer,
Thou wicked Heretick;
Cesar can't rule, thou call'st him Fool,
Our King dost contradict.
Then *Pilate* saith, Who takes an Oath,
Rebellion he did make?
Who now can tell he's culpable
Of ought against the State?

I cannot see Enormity
In this Man doth appear;
Prepostrous it is for us
To sentence one that's clear.
If you'l release one at the Feast,
The Feast of Paschal Lamb;
Determine ye who it shall be,
The Christ, or sinful Man.

'Tis *Barrabbas* we will release,
The other crucify;
Let all his Blood be on our Head,
And on our Children lie.
Some did proclaim, they must arraign
The Lord at *Herod*'s Bar:
The President was glad, and sent
The *Galilean* there.

Now tho of late *Herod* the Great,
And *Pilate* were at strife:
Yet when the Heir comes to their Bar,
They 'gree to take his Life.
Herod the Great said, Operate
Some Wonders in my sight:
My Humour please, or else chastis'd
Thou shalt be e're 'tis Night.

But this sage King, the most Serene,
True God, and only Wise,
Humours him not, in this his Plot,
Tho Rage against him rise.
They him transfer to *Pilate*'s Bar,
Dress't in an Idiot's Coat;
They him degrade, as Fools are made,
And at the Lord do flout.

Then *Pilate* saith, Who takes an Oath?
Let Evidence appear,
Why he must die at *Calvary*,
As if some Premunire.
We'l him chastise before your Eyes,
And so let him depart.
No, they reply, him crucify,
We beg with all our Heart.

We'l no King have, but *Cesar* brave,
He is Legitimate:
Down with this thing, this little King,
Cesar's the Potentate. Then

Then they him ſcourge, which made a (purge,
  Our Souls to clarify:
His ſacred Back no ſtripes did lack,
  Before he went to die.
Some think with Rods, others with Cords
  Or Wier, he was whipt,
And tied faſt unto a Poſt,
  When he was naked ſtript.

In Rancor great his Body's beat,
  O Adamantine Heart!
They made his Blood run like a Flood,
  From Head and every part.
Behold the Man, ſaid *Pilate* then,
  In him no Fault I find:
Away with him, ſaid the Obſcene,
  To Death he is deſign'd.

The Preſident for Water ſent,
  To purify his Hands;
See I am clear from his Blood pure,
  Upon him lay no Bands.
Pilate may think, that Chriſt will wink
  At this prodigious Sin.
O no, he ſate as Magiſtrate,
  And Sentence gave on him.

Who wonder can, that *Pilate*'s Hand
  At laſt himſelf ſhould hang,
When's Conſcience was ſo faithful as
  To tell him Chriſt was King? CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

The ARGUMENT.

One of Messiah's *Learned Disciples interposeth with an astonishing Narrative about his Lord's being led to execution: bound with Cords, and the heavy Cross fixt on his Back, on which he was crucified, and a strong Guard surrounded him all the way to* Golgotha: *And while the Cross was fixing in the Earth, they unmantle and strip him to his naked Body, which they lift up and nailed to the Cross, one Foot on the top of the other, with Arms stretched out, being plac'd between two Thieves, a Crown of Thorns on his Head, and an Inscription of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, as the Custom of the Romans was to all they accounted Malefactors.*

THE most high Lord they bound with Cord,
And lead to *Calvary*;
Fixt on a Cross most ponderous,
On which he was to die.
Upon his Back, like *Isaac*,
The blessed Type of Christ,
This Cross did lie most heavily,
Tho he was meek and Just.

This

This Innocent, 'tis like did faint,
And Humane Nature fail,
Being ſo ſore, with Stripes before,
And had no time to heal.
Another Man, a *Syrenian*,
At that time coming by,
Muſt bear the Croſs, moſt ponderous,
On which Chriſt was to die.

What Wit of Man can now define,
His Sorrow, Grief, and Shame?
Who can dilate, and explicate,
His Miſery and Pain?
At the ſame time the female Kind
Compaſſion to him ſhew;
To ſee him thruſt, by Men unjuſt,
A baſe and ſordid Crew.

Jeruſalem, the Lord ſaid then,
Weep not for me from hence;
Peccavi cry, your Sins are high,
Your Pride and Ignorance;
Condole, be ſad, you were ſo mad,
As for to imprecate
Innocent Blood upon your Head,
Will make you deſolate.

He *Calv'ry* ſaw, and *Golgotha*,
The Croſſes ſituation;
Then Solitude he underſtood
But for a ſinful Nation.

Now being come, Christ standeth bound,
Until the Cross be fixt;
With a strong Guard about the Lord,
A bitter Cup they mixt.

Now all the Crew, Roman and Jew,
This blessed One do strip;
Unmantle bare, and pluck'd the Hair
From off his tender Lip.
He's naked stript, as well as whipt,
And all his Body bare,
That ours may be cover'd most free,
With Righteousness most fair.

Now all in haste they nail him fast,
And hang between two Thieves,
The Scripture's Will for to fulfil,
So Man from Hell he saves.
The Nails were great, in Hands and Feet,
That fixt him to the Tree.
O who can tell what Christ did feel,
And there sustain'd for thee?

His Hands and Feet they penetrate,
And out the Blood did gush;
For they did tear him with a Spear,
And crown'd with thorny Bush.
That Christ was King, the Inscription,
In Hebrew, Latin, Greek;
Did signify to all stood by,
For *Pilate* thought it meet.

Over his Head this Paper ſtood,
That all might read the ſame:
He was the King of Jewiſh Men,
Tho they did him defame.
Before he dies, he opes the Eyes
Of a moſt wretched Sinner;
Who own'd him King, believ'd in him,
As the God-Man Redeemer.

Remember, Lord, to me be good,
When in thy Kingdom-State.
By my free Grace to Paradiſe,
This day I'll thee tranſlate.
They him exhauſt, and now do boaſt,
Our Grief he bore it all;
The weight of Sin was laid on him,
To ſave a precious Soul.

When he would eaſe his tortured Feet,
By hanging on his Hands;
They muſt be in prodigious pain,
This Reaſon underſtands.
And when he eas'd his tortur'd Hands,
By reſting on his Feet,
His Body's weight, where e're it met,
Muſt make the Patient ſick.

God's holy Son, tho God and Man,
Of Sorrow muſt be full:
On him did lie much Miſery,
God's Wrath did fill his Soul.

The Lord at last cries out, I thirst,
The Prophets to fulfil;
A Vin'gar spunge they gave his Lungs,
So he had not his Will.

Water was scant, he must it want,
We might have plenitude
Of living Streams, come from his Reins:
O Love not understood!
Could *Mary* then of *Magdalen*,
Have had her own desire,
Her Tears should quench her Saviour's Thirst,
Whose Heart was on a fire.

A Flame of Love to him above,
To all Men did appear;
Where she did weep, and wash his Feet,
And wip'd them with her Hair.
Now at this time the Souldiers game
For Jesus seamless Coat;
For to fulfil the sacred Will,
That Will to consummate.

The direful Curse was ponderous,
The Malediction high;
Which made him cry, *Ely, Ely,*
Lama sabachthany.
I am content for to be empt
Of all my Sacred Blood;
So I my Flock inoculate
By Faith into their Head.

The Guilt of Man I'll faſten on
This curſed Croſs and Tree:
Juſtice Divine ſhall have a Fine,
To ſet the Guilty free.
I'll bury all their Guilt and Thrall,
Both in the Grave, and deep:
Yea, all the high Iniquity
Of my free choſen Sheep.

Then ſome obſcene ſaid to the King,
Phyſician ſave thy ſelf:
If that thou be God's Son moſt free,
Recover now thy Health.
The Mother ſtood nigh by the Wood,
I mean the wooden Croſs,
On which did hang her precious Son,
Till all his Blood was loſt.

What Tears of Blood could ſhe have ſhed,
His Sorrow to prevent:
To ſee thoſe Hands, heal'd many Wounds,
So pierced, torn and rent?
His glorious Head ran purple Blood,
His Feet and Side the ſame.
But his Free Grace that him debas'd,
Is his immortal Fame.

Thoſe bloody Eyes they can't ſuffice,
Thoſe Sluces are too ſmall,
His Sorrow to give vent unto,
Hence from his Pores Blood falls. He

He saw a Scrowl, a dismal one,
Of Sins present and past,
And Sins to come, he must atone,
For all from first to last. [Mr. *Norris.*

His Love most sweet and bloody Sweat,
Did wipe off all the Score.
Some moments Pain makes him to reign,
Eternal Ages sure.
And as he hung before the Sun,
His Virgin-Mother saw
His Gore-blood Eyes, and heard his Cries
To God, *Abba*, *Abba*.

Into thy Hand my Spirit ascend,
My Work is finnished:
All Debts are paid, Books cancelled,
Justice is satisfied.
Now Christ is dead, they brake no Leg,
The Scripture may fulfil;
Yet by their Hate hangs dislocate,
Unjoint from Head to Heel.

Upon the same great Darkness came
All o're the Hemisphere.
The Rocks did rent, the Graves were empt;
Thus Wonders did appear.
The Temple-Vail was rent in twain,
Then soon they understood

He was God's Son, tho alſo Man,
From thence infer was God.

The Heathens all that Day condole,
And eloquently ſaid,
Surely the God of Nature's dead,
Or final End hath made.
O this great World to Duſt he'l hurl,
For hanging on the Croſs
The Quinteſſence of all Goodneſs;
O Act prepoſterous.

CHAP. XIX.

The ARGUMENT.

A Friend of the Meſſiah's *ſignifies what happened after the Lord's Death. A Counſellor at Law begs his Body, and inters it with ſweet Spices. The great Council gives order for a ſtrict Watch, a Seal and Stone to be ſet on the Sepulchre. Now* Beelzebub *triumphs to ſee Chriſt dead, and in ſome hopes conquered for ever. But the third Day he aroſe from the Grave, to the Confuſion of all the Devils: And after forty Days upon the Earth, aſcends to Heaven from Mount* Olivet, *in the view of his Apoſtles; but firſt gave them his Benediction, and on the Day of Pentecoſt*

Pentecost sent down the Holy Ghost; and from the Power of this Spirit his Disciples go on in the World conquering, by preaching Jesus of Nazareth *to be the Son of God.*

OF *Pilate* Head, *Joseph* did beg
The Body of the Just;
And did inter the Lord with Myrrh,
As saith the Holy Ghost.
As Man at first did prove unjust,
In *Eden* Paradise;
The blessed King in a Garden,
Acquits the Man on wise.

The Watch was strong, they sat upon
The Grave where Christ did lie,
For to prevent the Lord's Intent
Of rising the third Day.
The Sepulchre they made most sure,
With Watch, a Stone, and Seal,
For to prevent the Lord's Intent,
But they in all do fail.

When Christ was dead, then *Beelzebub*
Did triumph, and thus speak,
I conquer'd have unto the Grave,
God's Christ of mighty State.
'Tis I am King, and triumphing,
Who will my Subjects be?

And Chriſt deny, whom I defy,
He's overcome you ſee.

Who would ſerve him, a conquer'd one?
Obey me, 'tis no ſin:
Caſt off his Name, 'tis horrid ſhame
To own one dead your King.
What Revel-rout in Hell throughout,
When they thought all was won,
And Chriſt laid low, ſee how they crow
In hopes that all's their own.

Now *Lucifer* aſcends his Chair,
And mounts his gloomy Throne:
The helliſh Guard flock round their Lord,
And vaunt, he's King alone.
Now the black King began to ſing,
Altho in Flames array'd;
And thus began the helliſh Song,
When to his Peers he ſaid;

Dominions, Thrones, Powers unknown,
I claim all as my Right: [Mr. *Weſley*.
I've gain'd the Field, Jeſus did yield,
And he is conquer'd quite.
I do not fear him call'd the Heir,
Immortal ſome him thought:
But now he's dead, he's gone and fled,
And ne'r to life be brought.

The Devils in pomp, and great triumph,
Appear now Christ is dead:
The Oracle's Head come fill with speed,
The World may be misled.
The Hebrew Child no Sword can weild,
He'l conquer you no more:
Let's march from Hell, in Heaven we'l tell
Of our all-conqu'ring Power.

And conquer there as well as here,
Who can before us stand?
Now God is dead I will be Head,
In Heaven, Sea and Land.
While Satan spake with lofty state,
In came the Glorious One,
With all the Marks, victorious Acts
Of a triumphing King.

While *Beelzebub* with his black Club,
Did vaunt, yea, scoff and boast;
Came starting in the powerful King,
And Guards from God of Hosts.
This glorious Guard surround the Lord,
Like warlike Angels stand,
To smite to Hell great *Belial*,
And all against him band.

Who is this here doth domineer,
And boast of Victory

Over God's Son, the holy One,
Who lives altho did die?
I have the Keys of Hell and Death,
Who am the First and Last:
All Potentates, and powerful States,
To me shall yield or taste

Unmixed Wrath, as my Word saith,
Which they can never bear,
Nor dwell in ever-burning Lakes,
Or the devouring Fire.
O how confus'd, and how amaz'd
The Devils all do stand:
Satan flies down his Iron Throne,
To flee from Jesus Hand.

The Devils fled from Christ their Head,
And from his terrible Wrath:
But Christ pursues his scoffing Foes,
Through their black horrid Path.
The Devils knew, that Christ the true,
Had broke their Gates and Walls;
And conquer'd Death, and all the Earth,
So into Hell he falls.

And now the Word of God's made good,
The Serpent's Head is bruis'd;
Christ he hath trod upon his Head,
Which makes him thus confus'd.

Then

Then Satan spake with horrid hate,
What tho I conquer'd am?
Be just if sent, and don't torment
Your Foes before the time.

And now in Chains he them confines
Unto the Judgment-Day.
All Powers must bow before his Brow
Who doth the Scepter sway:
Christ he Death's Bands broke with his Hands,
And in triumphing manner
He did arise, tho Enemies
Stood round with Guard and Banner.

Yea, that strong Guard upon the Lord,
Did tremble like dead Men:
The Earth did quake, their Hearts did shake
To see him rise again.
And at the Grave, an Angel brave,
That shined as the Sun,
Did roll away the Stone that Day
The Lord did rise upon.

And that day's Morn good Women mourn,
About the Sepulchre;
Jesus you seek, pray do not weep,
The Angel said, Don't fear:
Rather rejoice, lift up your Voice,
Christ from the Grave is gone;

In *Galilee* you may him ſee,
The Living he's among.

The Lord did ſhew himſelf moſt true,
After he did ariſe;
The Signs were all infallible,
He was in nō diſguiſe.
And for to put all out of doubt,
No Spirit did appear;
Come touch, ſaid he, *and handle me*,
My Fleſh and Bones moſt pure.

After he roſe, and vanquiſh'd Foes,
An Apparition's made
To *Magdalen* in a Garden,
By Jeſus Chriſt the Lord.
The Gard'ner then ſhe thought upon,
Till that Chriſt *Mary* ſaid,
O *Rabboni!* ſhe did reply,
My King, my Lord, my Head.

Mary touch not thy Lord as yet,
Till I to God aſcend:
Then me embrace by Faith, which Grace
Will all the Saints commend.
But poor *Thomas*, his Faith's amiſs,
He won't believe 'tis he,
Unleſs the print, where the Nails went
Into his Body, he ſee.

A just Reproof of,s Unbelief,
The Lord gave when he said,
Most bless'd is him, who hath not seen,
And yet believ'd his God.
The Scripture saith, if we ha'n't Faith
In the rising again
Of Christ our Head, we all are dead,
And damned every one.

Then Preaching's vain, and Faith's no Gain,
If Christ be in the Grave;
God's Justice Good not satisfied,
So Pardon none can have.
The Church did meet, and God did seek
Upon the Week's first Day;
Where Christ among them often came,
To cheer them in his Way:

And gave Commands, into the Hands
Of his Apostles dear,
How they should act in every part,
Till he again appear.
E're Christ ascends, he gave Commands,
That at *Jerusalem*,
At Wisdom's Gate they may expect,
The Spirit promis'd them.

Now Christ ascends before his Friends,
From Earth to Heaven high;

From whence he'l come, e're it be long,
To fetch his Bride away.
Christ clears the Air, and Hemisphere,
Where damned Spirits dwell;
He clears the Path for Saints on Earth,
To Joy Celestial.

Disperse you Orbs, you glittering Clouds,
At distance roll away:
His glorious Guard the Way prepar'd,
On Christ's Ascension-Day.
The Angels high above the Sky,
Spake unto them below;
What happy King is this you bring?
In triumph he doth go.

Who is this King, this glorious One?
And what may be his Name?
The *Lord of Hosts*, he's known by most,
His Vict'ry gives him Fame.
Lift up ye Gates, ye Doors of State,
And entertain your King:
Come stand wide ope in Heaven's Court,
Ye Gates everlasting.

He comes who hath conquer'd the Grave,
And drags the King of Pride,
Fastned unto his Chariot new,
In which the Lord doth ride
Triumphantly, to Bliss on high;
His Chariot moved fast

To Heaven's Gate, where many wait,
And thousands cry, Haste, haste.

This Prince of State, when Heaven's Gate
He had arriv'd unto;
O what a Shout is given out
By Angels as his due!
And with his Crown went in, sat down
Close by his Father's Side;
And will prepare a Palace there
To entertain his Bride.

He's now gone home to wear his Crown,
For all his Work is done.
God's satisfy'd, En'mies subdu'd,
And now ascends his Throne.
Now Christ is gone, the Spirit doth come
On the Rebellious.
The Sinner's Head is captive led,
And Gifts are given us.

On Pentecost the Spirit did rest,
In cloven Tongues, upon
The Messengers of Jesus Christ,
Because he was gone home.
He doth inspire, baptize with Fire,
Prophets, Apostles too:
He'l Pastors give, the Church may live
A holy Life and true.

Poor Fiſhermen go conquering on
The World in Jeſus Name.
The Blind do ſee, the Dead rais'd be
To Chriſt's eternal Fame.
If Chriſt did ſhew his Godhead true,
When in a ſwadling Clout, [Mr. *Milton.*
Controll'd the Crew of damned Hue,
In all the World about;

He will much more his Power declare,
Aſcended now on high;
Captivity he captive led
In his triumphant Day.
This Hebrew Child, tho meek and mild,
Made Devils loudly roar,
On Mountains ſteep, in Vallies deep,
On all the Seas and Shore.

All Oracles dumb, no hideous Hum,
No mighty Trance or Spell:
Apollo's Shrines no more Divine's,
Nor no Prophetick Cell.
The *Flamins* quaint at Altars faint,
In conſecrated Grove;
Becauſe no Sound doth there rebound
From their ſweet Object *Jove*.

All Temples dumb, *Peor*, *Baalim*,
And mooned *Aſhtaroth*:
No Tapers ſhine, none can divine;
Hence *Beelzebub* is wroth. Now

Now *Moloc*'s fled, that Idol's dead,
Isis and *Osiris*,
From *Judah*'s Land, the Infant's hand
Laid low the Heathen Priests.

Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his Post,
To the Infernal Jail;
Who go in Troops, their Malice shoots
Back to the God of all;
Who comes, who comes, in glor'ous Blooms,
From *Edom* and *Bozrath*;
In whose Brow high is Majesty,
And treads untrodden Paths.

Glory surrounds his Body's Bounds,
There's Terror in his Face: [Mr. *Norris.*
The Evening Sky, the Scarlet Dye,
His Robes cannot debase;
They are so red with God-like Blood,
And Blood of Enemies;
They are much stain'd with Conquest gain'd,
And blessed Victories.

I mighty One, 'tis I do come,
That treads the Press alone
Of Wrath Divine, such Power is mine,
I will have help from none.
'Tis I can speak my Foes to death,
And that in Righteousness:

Almighty I can ſave moſt high,
From Hell to Heaven's Bliſs.

'Tis I alone go conqu'ring on,
By my great Power and Strength;
And Blood runs o're my Garments pure,
My People might have Health.
'Tis I outvie the Scarlet Dye,
And make my Garments red,
Like thoſe Men that do tread the Fat
And Wine-preſs for the Blood.

I wear thoſe Clothes, red like the Roſe,
To ſave ſome, ſome deſtroy:
By ſhedding Blood, I bruiſe one's Head,
And God do ſatisfy.
The Day is come, that ſignal One,
And Death ſhall have its Doom;
The Kingdoms dark I will ſubvert,
And conquer every One.

No Sea of Blood but Chriſt's moſt good,
The Enemy could ſpoil:
And we are glad, Chriſt's bloody Flag
Doth flouriſh over all.
The Cher'bims Guard of the High Lord,
Stood by while Chriſt did fight;
His Father true forſook him too,
Yet he the Field did get.

My Fury strong supports me long,
And with my single Arm,
The Conquest's won, Salvation's come
To mine that none can harm.

CHAP. XX.

The ARGUMENT.

This Chapter contains an Account of a triumphant Song to the Lamb, by the Saints of the Old and New Testament, for Christ's most glorious Conquest over his and the Church's Enemies, in his Resurrection and Ascension.

WITH *Deborah* we'l sing to *Jah*,
Who hath avenged me,
And trod down Strength; his Arm hath length
To spoil his Enemy.
When he march'd on, the Enemy strong
Did tremble in the Earth;
And in the Field he made them yield,
As Holy Scripture saith.

Wake *Deborah*, awake with Mirth,
A Song of Triumph sing:
Our *Barak* Head Captivity led
A Captive, tho a King.

Proud *Sisera* muſt ſtand in awe,
The Stars in Heaven fight;
The great *Jael* hath conquer'd Hell,
And put his Foes to flight.

Come to our King, with *Iſrael* ſing,
The Lord's a Man of War:
He glorioufly triumphs on high,
And leads his Enemies far.
Pharaoh of Hell that proud Rebel,
His Chariots overthrew;
His great Captains, and choſen Ones,
Their Strength could not renew.

They proudly ſaid, Purſue the Head,
Fight not with Small or Great,
But *Iſrael*'s King, ſtrike moſt at him,
Then we ſhall them defeat.
Come draw your Sword, upon my Word,
My Luſt I will fulfil;
I will divide the Spoil, his Pride
Shall not go conquering ſtill.

The Sea aroſe upon his Foes,
And in it they did ſink;
A Sea of Wrath, wherein no Path
Can find from it to ſhrink.
Who can compare with this moſt Fair,
Glorious in Holineſs,
And fearful in the praiſe of Men?
His Wonders cannot ceaſe:

Now

Now *Hannah* sung, we will prolong,
Our Honour he exalts;
Against our Foes his Power flows,
They may not proudly talk.
The mighty One is broken down,
And weak Ones girded are;
The Prince brought down from a high Throne,
The Poor exalted there.

Come, *Esa*'s Song we will prolong,
To our beloved King,
That us hath made his sweet Vineyard,
Who were but Lumps of Sin;
And fix'd it in a fruitful Hill,
Where Showers fall Divine;
A Tower great he made in it,
And on it Christ doth shine.

He doth it watch, his Vineyard rich,
'Tis done both Night and Day:
A fiery Wall is round them all,
Against the Beasts of Prey.
May *Zion* say, in a good Day,
Tho thou wast angry, Lord,
With me for Sin, through Christ our King,
Thy Favour is restor'd.

Behold, my God doth Help afford,
He is Salvation;

Who shall I fear? *Jehovah*'s near,
My Truth, my Strength, my Song.
Therefore in Faith let's draw with Mirth,
From God's Salvation-Wells,
Those living Streams, Christ's bloody Veins
Did purchase for Rebels.

In this good Day, we all will say,
Praise, praise the Lord alone;
Exalt his Name, and spread his Fame,
For great's the holy One.
In *Zion*'s Land, his mighty Hand
Is stretched out to save
His *Israel*, where he doth dwell,
Whom to his Son he gave.

Well is it said, in God's sure Word,
Excellent Things doth he:
'Tis shewed forth in all the Earth,
God for his Church will be.
Sing and cry out, come give a Shout
Of *Hallelujah*'s high
To *Jehovah*, begun on Earth,
But lasts Eternity.

The Prophet old, when he foretold
Death should be swallowed up
In Victory, by one on high,
Then he this Song did put
Unto the Church, to triumph much
On that triumphant Day:

Eternal Gates, stand ope in state,
That Saints then enter may.

This City strong they enter in,
Salvation is their Wall,
And Bullwarks too; none can subdue
And make this City fall.
As *Mary*'s Song, when *Gabriel* came,
The Angel her did tell,
And her salute, and kindly greet,
With News that did excel;

That she should bear the glorious Heir
Of Heaven, and of Earth;
In her pure Womb should lie God's Son,
As holy Scripture saith.
Then she brake out with holy Shout
Of Praise, to magnify
The Lord above, who in much Love
Had fill'd her Soul with Joy.

What Wonders here, that I should bear
A Saviour unto Man!
That I so poor, God great in Power,
Should set his Love upon!
And me exalt, with all my Faults,
Above all Women high;
No Queen he took this King to suck,
Or bear in her Body:

But me poor Maid he did regard,
To his eternal Praiſe,
I bore the King who had no Sin,
One of eternal Days.
With *Zachary*, the Lord on high,
Let us ever extol,
For viſiting and redeeming
His People from all thrall.

A Horn of Power, and a ſtrong Tower
Of great Salvation,
For us hath rais'd; eternal Praiſe
The Lord ſhall wait alone.
Now are made good the Prophet's words,
Spake ſince the World began:
God's Covenant ſtood, his Mercy's good,
He ſent to us his Son,

To ſave us from the Proud and Strong,
Yea all our Enemies,
In Righteouſneſs and Holineſs,
To ſerve him all our Days.
That good Day-ſpring doth Knowledg bring
Of Sins remiſſion free,
And bleſſed Light, and Peace in ſight,
To thoſe in Darkneſs lay.

With *Simeon* old, let's be ſo bold,
To take the Lord of Glory;
In Arms of Love, tho high above
Heaven's Superior Story.

nd praise him too, for 'tis his due,
And tell him we can die
Peace and Rest, because the best
Of Objects now we see.

Our Eyes have seen the blessed One,
Hid from great Potentates.
he Gentiles Light, he is most bright,
And *Israel*'s Glory great.
ow triumph Saint, the Lord he went
Unto Mount *Calvary*;
uffer'd the Cross, and bore the Curse
For Man's Felicity.

or surely by his Poverty
The Poor are very rich;
nd by his Shame they have great Fame,
No earthly Monarch such.
e were set free, for bound was he
Unto the Post and Cross;
reat Grief he had, we might be glad
Our Crown cannot be lost.

om Heaven's room the Son came down,
We all might there ascend:
od Man became, he might regain
That Love which hath no End.
o House had he, tho of Heaven free,
We may have one above,
ot made with Hands, or Mens Commands,
But by God's Power and Love. God

God in the dark seem'd to forsake
His own eternal Son;
We might have Light, splendid and bright,
And ever with him dwell.
A Wonder's here, God's Son most dear,
Had less ground to expect
The Shines of God, when that he di'd,
Than Saints of either Sex.

He's in the Dark to purchase Light,
From hence forsaken too:
Saints may expect (tho Christ did not)
God's Shines their Dying-day.
Lord, we a Song will sing, as long
As an Eternity.
O King of Days, 'tis endless Praise
Is still thy Childrens cry.

What tho we stand in a strange Land,
A *Babel* Wilderness,
Our Harps will tune to the Renown
Of him who's Lord of Hosts.
As travelling on to Mount *Sion*,
Our House, our Place, our Home;
As going on, we'll sing our Song
To him upon the Throne.

Who can but sing, the Lord will come?
Methinks he's at the Door;
Faith sees him stand, now just at hand,
My Soul be sad no more.

With

With *David* sing, and Offerings bring;
Let all the Saints of God
Rejoice in him, that maketh them
Most glorious by his Blood.

Upon your Bed, sing to your Head,
Declare his noble Acts;
For this will be eternally
The Work of Tongue and Hearts.
O let us sing the Lamb's sweet Song,
Cry, *Great and marvellous*
Are all thy Works, Lord God of Hosts,
Almighty, true and just!

And with Saint *John*, we'l praise the Lamb,
The Prince and King of Earth,
Who loved us, and washed us
With his own Blood through Faith.
To God most wise give all due Praise,
Glory and Majesty;
Dominion great, a Prince's Seat
He hath above the Sky.

Let's give henceforth *Hallelujah*,
Salvation, Honour too;
With that Voice came out from the Throne,
Praise God his Servants do.
O King of Saints, all Nations faint
At thy just Judgment, Lord;

Who

Who ſhall not fear, and thee revere,
And ſpread thy Fame abroad?

Thou worthy art to have the Heart,
Becauſe all Things th'haſt made,
For thine own Will, and Glory ſtill;
Hence 'tis we give thee Laud.
Let Heav'n and Earth their Praiſe ſet forth,
And *Hallelujahs* ſing,
For our high God, and mighty Lord,
Remains a conqu'ring King.

CHAP. XXI.

The ARGUMENT.

An Evangeliſt ſheweth whence it was that ſo much Shame and Pain fell on an innocent Perſon, by ſtriking the Name of the Debtors out of the black and bloody Bond of the Law, and inſerting his own. What a long Journey he came to redeem and marry poor Leprous Beggars. And what bloody Battels he fought to gain this poor contemptible Worm, and how he inveſted her with an Eternal Kingdom of Glory, from his laſt Will and Teſtament.

WHO Inqueſt-makes, Interrogates,
The Scribe which here indites?

If he can show, why all this Wo
Fell on the Lord of Light?
I'll take from thee Prolixity,
In a Compendium shew,
That thee and I made him to die,
Who was *Messiah* true:

His Cheeks we smote by our proud Heart,
And Hair eradicate;
His Hands and Feet Nails penetrate,
He might us happy make.
I say again, thy Sin and mine
Procured all this Wo;
The thorny Crown makes Blood run down,
From Head to Feet below.

We him did strip, and also whip,
The Spear ran in his Side;
The Travail of his Soul did make
An Enemy his Bride.
Come Malefactor, evil Actor,
Make one believing look:
What all pass by, none cast an Eye
On me who am forsook

Of my dear God, my precious Lord?
And purely for your sake
I left my Weal inscrutable;
I might you happy make.

My Hand I ſtruck, with God who took
My Covenant and Bail,
That I might ſee the Debtor free
From the Infernal Jail.

Men ought repent, they ever went
To take a Surety's Place;
But I did long the Day were come,
Tho ſuffer'd much Diſgrace.
Your Names ſtruck out the legal Book,
That Book and bloody Bond,
My Name I inſert with all my Heart,
So I ſtand only bound.

I who am juſt, God did arreſt
Your Subſtitute for all;
And God accounts the Sinner juſt,
And Chriſt the Criminal.
I paid Man's Debt by bloody Sweat,
In Priſon alſo lay;
But afterward had a Diſcharge
On th' Reſurrection Day.

O Men admire free Grace the higher,
For Love diſtinguiſhing,
That you might live, an Object have
For Faith, tho Devils none.
No Goſpel-light before their ſight,
Men no Commiſſion have
To preach in Hell the pure Goſpel,
He only Men will ſave.

Surel

Surely Success we should not miss,
That are Ambassadors.
If we could preach, and Devils teach,
Their Pardon Christ procures.
But now we preach, our Hands we stretch
In vain the whole long day,
And call upon the Sons of Men
To haste and come away

To Jesus Christ the Chief and Best;
But Sinners will not hear:
So Unbelief makes them the Chief
Of Sinners, will appear;
Yea greater than the Devil's Sin,
Or Man's in Paradise,
For neither of them did rebel
Against redeeming Grace.

CHAP. XXII.

The Argument.

The Spouse of Christ interposeth with the admiration of his Love, the Quantity, and immense Treasures thereof, having no Bank nor Bottom. The Nature of it is free. All Sinners may fill their Vessels from this Pipe; which is more comfortable than the most fragrant Wine, and so

powerful, that it draws the Heart to Christ, as a Loadstone the Mass of Steel.

WHAT marvellous rich Love is this,
That such a curs'd Race
As we came from, should sit among
The Children of his Grace!
Our Fathers sure, the *Hittites* were,
Our Mothers *Amorites:*
A curs'd Race, yet by free Grace
In those the Lord delights.

None us beheld when in the Field,
All wallowing in our Blood;
None pitied us under this Curse,
But the *Samar'tan* good.
He casts an Eye, when passed by,
And said, Live Infant, live;
When in our Blood, he was so good,
His saving Grace to give;

And threw his Skirt on our foul Heart,
To hide our Nakedness:
This is the Time of Love, the Time
He gave us Righteousness.
A Covenant wherein's no Want,
With Sinners made when poor,
To be his own he gave his Son,
The Cov'nant to ensure.

We washed are with Water pure,
And with the best of Blood,
Blood's wash'd away with Blood that Day
Death seiz'd the Son of God.
God did appoint them to anoint
With his most precious Oil:
They decked are with Silk and Hair,
All clean, no longer foul.

A Chain of Gold, the Worth's untold,
Is put about her Neck;
The Linen white, and broidred Work
Doth her most lovely deck.
Upon her Hands the Bracelet stands;
Her Head with Jewels set,
And on the same a glorious Crown:
With Ear-rings she's bedect.

And she did eat the finest Wheat,
And sweetest Honey too;
She's beautiful, and doth excel
The most Self-righteous *Jew*.
Now her Renown, and glorious Fame,
Goes through the Heathen Land:
She prospers in a blest Kingdom,
Which never will have End.

Her Comeliness is Righteousness,
But this the Lord puts on;

And Comely through his Comelineſs,
Glory to Grace alone.
This Spouſe excels in glorious ſmells
Myrrh, Alloes, Cathia;
Her Garments fine a ſweet Perfume
Do caſt forth every way.

Within, within the Glory's ſeen,
In the King's Daughter true;
Wrought Gold's her Garb, moſt richly laid,
The Bridegroom wears it too:
At whoſe right Hand the Queen doth ſtand,
In Gold of *Ophir* fine:
Her Beauty great makes Chriſt to ſpeak,
Thy Beauty is Divine.

The Father juſt his Son did truſt,
Before his Incarnation,
In ſaving thoſe, to Heaven goes,
In every Land and Nation.
The Son moſt juſt the Father truſts,
That he Salvation give
All the Elect, who have their Debt
Paid long before they live.

Their Debt did pay and ſatisfy,
Some hundred Years before
They Being had, by Chriſt his Blood,
Or e're they ran in ſcore.
What's requiſite, and what's moſt meet
In any Advocate,

Is found in Christ, the Meek and Just,
The only Potentate:

Who doth delight to see the Spite
And Disagreement end,
Between the King and Men for Sin,
Therefore his Blood did spend.
He's just and meek, yea very sweet,
Most powerful and true;
And brings God down to love the Man,
And Man to God does go.

The *Levites* pass, the Priests make haste
From us, sweltring in Blood:
But the good Man, *Samaritan*,
Stood still to do us good;
And in the Soul did pour in Oil,
So heal'd the Wounds of Sin;
And rather than his Soul should pine,
His Blood he poured in.

He covers all, our Shame and Fall,
With Robes of Righteousness:
And gives to Man a glorious Ring,
To seal them up to Bliss.
The fatted Beast is kill'd, to feast
Those starving Souls of ours:
O Lamb of God, thy Blood was shed
In an accepted Hour.

We *Syrians* poor, and Strangers were,
In a moſt forlorn Plight,
Lay at thy Door of Grace full ſore,
In Darkneſs without Light:
Yet ſaidſt thou, Live, my Grace I give
To thee, beſmear'd with Blood:
Live, Infant live, my Son I give,
To be thy Prince and Head;

An Head of Senſe and Influence,
Is to his Body dear:
As from the Root the Branches ſhoot,
So Chriſt the Church doth bear.
His Lambs he'l feed, a tender Head,
One Member if but ill,
A Balſam made of his own Blood,
Doth from the Heart diſtil,

As Branches dry, and alſo die,
Which from the Vine are cut;
So every Saint would quickly faint,
And die, if from the Root.
As many Branches make one Vine,
And many Grains one Loaf;
So many Men one Body frame,
Unite to Chriſt by Faith:

Who gave himſelf for our Souls Health,
That's more than Heaven high
Ten thouſand times; ten thouſand Tens,
Come let us for him die.

A Journey long, through Storms a throng,
Chriſt came to viſit thee;
His Head with Drops, and Dew his Locks
Did wet, he might thee ſee.

Tho Mankind had ſome Lovers bad,
When he the Queſtion put;
He gave his Dove excelling Love,
By which their Hearts he took:
But waited long, with Patience ſtrong,
For Floods can't quench his Love;
Repulſes ſtrong, often and long,
Could not make him remove.

This Bridegroom wrought, great Battels (fought,
To him none equal be:
Few Husbands win their Bride and Kin
By Blood, as he did thee. [Mr. *Delaun.*
Ear-rings of Gold, Riches untold,
He clothes his Bride withal;
His Spouſe doth dreſs with Righteouſneſs,
To beautify the Soul.

And from all Debts they are acquit,
By Marriage of the King;
Who will inveſt his with the Beſt,
A Kingdom without Sin.
What Monarchs known to leave his Throne,
For Leprous and Diſeas'd?

And tho forlorn, and fill'd with Scorn,
Yet he with thoſe is pleas'd.

Some Bridegrooms change, new Lovers gain;
And caſt the old away:
But he loves firſt, unto the laſt,
Yea to Eternity.
The Mother dear, her Son moſt near
She ſooner can forget,
Than a Convert, with changed Heart,
Out of his Love can ſlip.

The Mountains faſt, they all ſhall haſte
From their moſt fixed Place,
Before that he will thee deny,
Who art in Cov'nant-Grace.
If any can the Heavens ſpan,
And meaſure Sea and Land;
Then Fleſh and Sin, and Satan's Gin,
May pluck them from his Hand.

If Moon ſo bright, and Stars oth' Night,
Their Courſe can change and ſlip;
Then may his Love decline his Dove,
Whom he keeps while they ſleep.
If he can drown the World again,
Againſt his fix'd Decree:
Then may his Love from thee remove,
Which none ſhall ever ſee.

So we from Justice were discharg'd
Upon his dying Day.
He like a Lamb most patiently,
Unto the Slaughter's led,
And drunk the bitter Cup of Death,
Without a murmuring Word.

Before the Judgment Seat he stood,
A Prisoner at the Bar:
And by his Judgment we are freed,
Who wretched Prisoners were.
His Generation is so Great,
Noble, Eternal too!
None can declare the Number of
His Sons and Daughters true.

In shedding of his precious Blood,
A numerous Off-spring hath,
Which none can number nor declare,
For they fill Heaven and Earth.
And tho no Violence did act,
Yet he must make his Grave
With wicked and ungodly Men,
For such he came to save.

It pleased God his Son to bruise,
An Offering he might give,
To have a glorious Church on Earth,
And with him ever live.

As *Eve* came out of *Adam*'s Side,
So did the Church from Christ;
She is the Travail of his Soul,
For whom he groaned much.

But Satisfaction great hath he,
After his trav'lling Soul;
For his Seed he will justify,
By knowing Christ their All.
A Portion with the Great he'l have,
And with the Strong divide
The Glory of his conquering Strength,
In spite of Hellish Pride:

Because he poured forth his Soul
To Death, both frank and free,
And took it up in three Days time,
So got the Victory.
And now triumphantly is gone,
Into the Heavens high,
Having Captivity captive led,
'Tis like his Majesty.

And there doth Intercession make
For all whose Sins he bare;
And will not cease his glorious Work,
Until they with him are.
Our Ark of Love, which saves thy Dove,
Thou art, O Lord, most strong,
When delug'd all the World beside,
Thou sav'dst thy Church alone. Our

Our *Jacob*'s Ladder, by which God
Doth friendly visit us,
And we ascend upon the same,
Immanuel, God with us.
Our *Isaac* art, who bore the Cross,
And felt the sharpned Sword,
In whom the Nations all are blest,
According to thy Word.

Our blessed *Joseph*, who was sent
From *Canaan* heavenly,
Unto the *Egypt* of this World
For Food, we might not die.
Our fiery cloudy Pillar art,
In this dark Wilderness:
Our *Joshua* doth us conduct
Unto the Land of Rest.

Our Rock of Ages, Lord, thou art,
Smote both by God and Man:
The Emanation of thy Blood
And Streams were seen by *John*.
Our feasting Passover also,
The spotless Lamb was slain;
The sprinkling of the Soul by Blood,
Prevents a sinful Reign.

Our brazen Serpent we behold,
Whenever stung with Sin;
From that Disease deliver'd are,
Which else would end in Hell.

Our *Jubilee*, accepted Year,
Was the Year of thy Death;
We heard the Goſpel-Trumpet ſound
True Joy, and free from Wrath.

Our Mercy-Seat, and Throne of Grace,
The great Propitiatory;
From which the Father kindly ſpeaks,
Poor Sinners here is Glory.
The Mercy-Seat above the Ark,
And Tables of the Law,
Did figure Mercy triumphing,
O'er Juſtice which we ſaw.

The Altar, Prieſt, and Sacrifice:
As Prieſt, both Man and God;
As Altar, God, who ſanctifies;
As Man, the Offering's good.
The rich and holy Vail thou art,
Thy Body's Vail was rent:
So we into the holy Place
May have a free aſcent.

The Manna in the Wilderneſs,
Tho called *Angels Food*,
Is far unlike that feeds the Soul,
The Goſpel-Feaſt is Blood,
Which here below we feed upon,
In this ſad Wilderneſs;
But when once got to *Canaan*'s Land,
We feed no more as thus.

Yet as the Jew could not forget
The Manna Miracle;
No more can Saints forget in Bliss,
God's Wonders there to tell.
Our *Shiloh*, and safe Maker art,
And *Jacob*'s Star also;
The Laver where poor Lepers wash,
And blessed Fountain too,

That's opened for *Jerusalem*,
And *Judah*'s Guilt to wash;
And all the *Gentiles* that repair
To him for Righteousness.
The Shew-bread Table did hold forth,
In God's House is no want:
The Lord is alway with his Flock,
His Table is not scant.

Our Altar of Perfume, O Lord,
And golden Censor art;
The Cloud of spiced Incense sweet
Perfumes the Mercy-seat.
O Lord, our Sin, and Peace-off'ring,
Jonah cast in the Sea,
To still the Storm of Wrath Divine,
Man in it may not lie.

Our Temple, Tabernacle true,
Which God did pitch, not Man;
The Godhead dwelt in humane Flesh,
Is the Temple I mean.

Our

Our *Joshua* and dear Saviour,
Who wore our Rags of Sin,
And we his Robes of Righteousness,
So brought unto the King.

And now the filthy Garment's gone,
And chang'd with Raiment new,
The long and spotless Robe of Christ:
Now what can Satan do?
Thou art our great *Zerubbabel*,
A spiritual Temple makes;
The Temple of the living God
In Men, Christ undertakes,

To build, tho greatly oppos'd
By Mountain Enemies:
He that laid the Foundation-stone,
The Top-stone he will raise;
And finish Grace where it's begun,
In spite of all our Foes:
That you may all ever ascribe
To him, Grace, Glory, Praise.

Our *Sampson* art, who slew by Death,
More than when living was:
The strangest way of conquering,
Is dying on a Cross.
Who took from Satan's Kingdom great,
The Gates thereof away;
And led Captivity captive,
In his triumphing Day.

Our

Our spotless Lamb, both God and Man,
Was foreordain'd to die,
To take off Sin, and Death's great Sting,
Bring Immortality.
The slain and living Goat thou art:
As slain, the Mercy-seat
Is still with Blood besprinkled;
As living dost intreat,

And interceed continually:
This is the Incense sweet,
That like a Cloud in sweet Perfume,
Is round the Mercy-seat.
The Goat on which our Sins are laid,
Iniquities confess,
And carried out of Memory,
Lost in the Wilderness:

And far removed, as East from West,
Drown'd in his bloody Sea;
Behind his Back they all are cast,
And blots them out most free.
He is the great *Melchisedeck*,
Without Beginning, End;
As Man no Sire, no Mother as God,
The Type he did transcend.

A King of Peace, and Priest most high,
Who offer'd once for all;

Not for his own, but others Sins,
Himſelf, not Beaſts did fall.
The Peoples Covenant thou art,
In Subſtance, Perſon, Name;
And hence art called *Immanuel*,
Two Natures, Perſon one.

The Subſtance of the Covenant
Of Grace, it is in ſhort;
Thy God I am, thou ſhalt be mine,
And we will never part.
Now God and Man together dwell
In Chriſt, for evermore:
This is the great Foundation of
Man's Happineſs in ſtore.

That tho by Sin Man's ſeparate
From God, the chiefeſt Good,
Yet now in Chriſt united are,
Man ſhall live ſtill with God.
And if the Union cannot ceaſe,
Call'd *Hypoſtatical*;
No more can that 'tween God and his,
Becauſe 'tis Eternal.

Tho God and all our *Adam* loſt,
Yet Chriſt hath it regain'd:
And now the Saints have God in all,
The want of which them pain'd.

But Unbelievers have not God,
In what they do enjoy;
Since Sin did break the golden Link,
All things do them annoy.

But those are Christ's, all things are theirs,
And work still for their Good;
But the Profane, what e're they have,
It's separate from God;
From God in way of Covenant,
So that all these may say,
Riches and Honour I have much,
But God in all leaves me.

And when Man lost a sight of God,
A Vision beautiful;
He by his Blood hath it regain'd,
When all things else did fail.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The ARGUMENT.

The undefiled Virgins of the Lamb, beg her Beloved to make haſte over those Mountains of Bether *and Separation, and put an end to the Winter Storms, and haſten the break of the Eternal Summer and Day of Glory, where back-part Sights and Lattice-Looks will be turned into the Beatifical Viſion, and all the Saints ſhall have their white Robes, Palms in their Hands, and Crowns on their Heads, and ſit with Chriſt upon his Throne, to judg Men and Devils; then they ſhall behold the Glorious Deity ſhining through the Bleſſed Glaſs of the Humane Nature. The Virgins conclude with an Exhortation to the Noble Hoſt of Martyrs, the Glorious Apoſtles and Prophets, Elders, Seraphims, Cherubims, and every Creature in Heaven and Earth, to caſt their Crowns before the Lamb.*

(Lights

WHAT back-part Views, and Lattice
To thoſe beyond the Grave;
There's Banquets ſweet, here is none ſuch
For any Saint to have.

Lo

Lord, make no stay, come look'd-for Day;
What ails the Morning-Light?
All Shadows flee away, be gone,
And Day of Glory break.

Lord, *Bether* Mount, remove it quite,
And leap over them all;
No longer Separation make
Between thee and my Soul.
O be thou like the Roe and Hart,
With winged speed make haste;
Come o're those separating Hills,
And take us to thy Rest.

The Winter Blasts are almost gone,
Farewel the Rain and Flood:
We cry aloud, come fetch us home,
Why have thy Chariots stood?
Come, Lord, with thy sweet *Jubilee*,
Hark how the Creatures groan
With Saints, for full Redemption;
Hear how they make their moan.

Come, blessed Lord, do thou create
New Heavens, and new Earth:
A sinless Kingdom we long for,
Which gives true Joy and Mirth.
With speed make haste, Vengeance to show,
For thy blest Temple's sake:

All Antichriſts both Eaſt and Weſt
Do thou make deſolate.

And then the chief rejected Stone,
Tho little, it will grow
Into a Mount, and fill the Seat
Of Monarchs here below. [Mr. *Raſeſon.*
That Stone which from the Mountain was
Cut out, without a Hand,
Into a Mountain, let it grow,
And all the World command.

A burdenſome Foundation-ſtone,
In *Zion* there ſhall lie:
All that do ſpurn againſt that Stone,
Shall by it fall and die.
Then all Chriſt's marked Ones, they ſhall
With him aſcend the Throne;
Then all the World to him will bow,
When he ſhall reign alone.

Lord Jeſus haſte unto thy Throne,
We no more Captives be;
And fly upon the Wings of Love,
For thee we long to ſee.
This bleſſed Day no Night will have,
The Moon will be a Sun;
A ſeven-fold Light the Sun will be:
O were this Day begun.

Come haste that blessed break of Light,
Let Shadows flee away;
When Ordinances all shall cease,
Come on Eternal Day.
Then through a Glass shall look no more,
Unless the Glass Divine;
We shall through humane Nature see,
The blessed God-head shine.

The Glass of Ordinances cease,
Now look through them no more,
Nor Creatures Word or Promises,
When we see God most pure:
Then we shall in each Bosom's rest,
As in a Bed Divine;
And fulness of pure Joy shall have,
When God doth on us shine.

Now Righteous Ones they entrance have,
Into this Palace Royal,
There where no Curse shall ever be,
Or any time of Trial.
That City of *Jerusalem*,
In Vision *John* did see,
Descending out of Heaven above,
With glorious Majesty.

This City which doth entertain
The People of the Lord;

It is ſet forth by Metaphors,
So is not underſtood.
The Walls of Stone moſt precious are,
And the Foundation too;
Twelve thouſand Furlongs is the Breadth,
The Length and Height alſo.

Twelve Gates, twelve Angels at the Gates,
That keep both Watch and Ward:
No evil thing can enter there,
Tho they ſtand all abroad.
And on thoſe Gates the Names are writ,
Of the twelve bleſſed Tribes
Of the Children of *Iſrael*,
In whom the Truth abides.

And twelve Foundations hath the Wall
Of this moſt Royal City;
In which Foundation there is writ
Their Names, the Lamb did pity.
The twelve Apoſtles of the Lamb
Were written fair thereon;
There is no City like to this,
Free, Holy, without Sin.

Pure Jaſper was the Wall built of,
The City of pure Gold:
Gold is the Streets of this rich Place,
Its Worth cannot be told.

Twelve glorious Pearls the Gates thereof,
One Pearl every Gate;
And the Foundation richly deck'd
With precious Stones of State.

And from this City glorious Streams
Of living Water comes,
Out of the Throne of God the Lamb,
Are most refreshing Streams.
And in the middle of the Street,
And either side the River,
Twelve sorts of Fruits the Tree of Life
Did bear, to heal us ever.

And here the Throne of God shall be,
Also the Lamb's high Throne;
And there his Servants shall be free,
To serve the Holy One:
And they shall see his blessed Face,
And bear his glorious Name;
Which on their Foreheads shall have place,
His Image to proclaim.

And then and there shall be no Night,
For God the Lord most High,
Will be their Temple, and their Light,
To all Eternity. [Mr. *Barton.*
Now blessed Jesus his will lead,
To living Water-Springs,

Where

Where Tears ſhall all be waſh'd away,
A City full of Kings.

Law-Righteouſneſs could not procure
Such Thrones and Kingdoms great,
Such Palms and Robes as Saints ſhall have
When they in Heaven meet.
Strike up you bleſſed Spirits in Bliſs,
Your Songs moſt lofty high;
You ſeparated Souls in Bliſs
Praiſe him, as well you may. [Mr. *Reeves.*

Unto the Lamb, whoſe Seat is ſet
In midſt of the great Throne;
He there was ſeen who had been ſlain;
By Saints and Angels known.
'Twas thou waſt ſlain, and haſt redeem'd
All Nations by thy Blood;
Therefore worthy to ope the Book,
The Myſteries of God.

The Book ſeen in *Jehovah*'s Hand,
Written without, within,
Which do contain God's Counſels great
Unto the final End.
O holy Jeſus, bleſſed Lamb,
John's Sorrows did prevent.
Thou *David*'s Root, and *Judah*'s Lion,
Waſt fit to ope the Book.

A Person very fit to Rule
Both this World, and the Church:
Therefore all Power is given him,
Because there is none such.
Let's praise this King for ever-more,
With Angels, Elders, Beasts;
Church-Militant, and Triumphant,
Adore the Lord of Hosts.

Ye noble Host of Martyrs all,
The glorious Prophets too;
Angels, Apostles, Arch-Angels,
Praise him the Lord most true.
Who can declare the sweet Jub'lee
In Heaven solemniz'd,
By Seraphims, and Cherubims,
And Principalities?

Powers and all, Dominions too,
To him do cast their Crowns;
Then thousand times ten thousand Tens
In holy Thanks abound,
Crying, O holy, holy Lord,
The Lamb in glorious State.
O Holy Ghost, Holy and True,
Who did the Creatures make,

Redeemed Men, for ever sing
Of Surety-Righteousness;

They'l have it there for ever-more,
In everlasting Bliss.
Come let us join the Creatures all,
In Heaven, Earth, and Sea;
All Creatures with loud Voices cry,
Worthy, O Lamb, worthy.

All Wisdom, Riches, to receive
Strength, Blessing, Glory too,
From all in Heaven, in Earth and Sea,
Is thine Eternal due.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

BOOK the First, Page 16. line the first, after *thousand*, add, *&c.* Pag. 77. l. 23. for *things* read *Temptations.*

Book 2. Pag. 33. l. 19. read 27 *Years.* Pag. 24. l. 29. for *Jad*, read *said.*

In the Poems, Pag. 9. l. 11. read, *is brandished for it.* P. 31. l. 1. read *adorn.* P. 75. l. 5. read *they.* P. 96. l. 1. read *what's.*